

quality time.

by
PETER
SOTOS

You're such a pretty girl.



You shouldn't cry. Such a dear. Those tears aren't pretty, are they? Look at me, stupid. Now—Are...Those...Fucking...Tears... Pretty?...Cunt?

Do you like making your mommy cry? Do you like that? Huh? The poor fucking woman. You selfish little brat; you cunt. How do you think she feels, huh? Huh, cunt? How terrible you are. How mean. How mean and cruel to your mother you are. Don't you feel horrible? Making her cry. Making her hurt so badly. I think you're absolutely terrible. A fucking brat. Fucking horrible cunt. Shame on you.

Now there, there. Crying won't help. You already made your mommy cry. Nothing can help your mom now. She feels very, very bad, and you did it. You can't change that...cunt. You're a cunt, and momma's gonna cry for-fucking-ever. Your momma's gonna miss you something awful. She will never get over you leaving her and never coming back. You're killing her.

It's all your fault.

Do you think mommy's out looking for you? Do you think she's worried about you? Can't you just see her?...Walking through your once-happy home, her eyes swollen almost shut from the continuous stream of tears, hands clamped to the sides of her head as she mumbles....She's yattering your name over and over and over. Can't you just see her? Her blotchy middle-aged face covered with scratches and her dress all mussed and caked with the makeup and mascara that slipped and slid from her wrinkles and crow's fucking feet. You're

illustrations #1-6 by
TREVOR BROWN



driving your mother crazy. She's losing her mind from worry and fear. All because of you. She's pulling her hair out. She's tugging at her cheeks. Poking at her eyes. 'Cause she misses you, she's afraid for you. She wants her little baby back. Her darling daughter. She wants to hold you. She wants to press your head against her chest and kiss your forehead. Do you like it when mommy hugs you? Do you feel safe then? You love your momma, don't you? Do you like to kiss her and feel her warmth next to you? No one can hold you like momma,

right? Don't you wish you were there right now? Mmm. You'll never see her again, you know. That's right. You'll never see your beautiful mother again. Ever. Never, ever.

Nope. No more hugs from mommy. No more love. From anyone. No one loves you anymore. No one cares if you live or die. Your mom cares, I guess. So, I'm sorry—I made a mistake. No one but your mom cares. But you'll never see your mom again...so...I guess...no one fucking cares for this poor fucking little fucking cunt who sits in front of me, crying like a big fucking

baby. Cry, cry. Crybaby. Fucking cunt crybaby. Cunt. Bitch. Fucking pig. Fucking pussy.

You really are disgusting. You really are. I want to hurt you so fucking bad.

I'm really gonna make you cry. You're going to cry so much more, you'll think your eyes are going to melt. Those crybaby tears are going to burst open your eyes and rip deep red streaks straight through your face. You are absolutely doomed, my sweet thing. I'm gonna hurt you so much.

I'm going to see you dead. I'm gonna look down at your pale, bruised, and bloodied corpse and masturbate. I'm going to run my fingers through your matted hair—I'm going to let my calloused fingers get caught and tangled in the blood and sweat and grease. I'm going to pry your wounds further apart and peel off the dried blood and carve new holes in your corpse so I can fuck your entire ten-year-old being.

Dear, I will watch you die a horrible death. But then, that's the last thing you'll know—death will be a relief. Because I'm going to hurt you so much. 'Cause I love to hurt you. I want to hurt you and other little girls. And you'll be dead and gone, but I'll still be around to hurt your friends.

I like to watch you cry. It gives me such a hard-on. Do you know what a hard-on is? Cunt? Have you ever heard of a boner? An erection? A blood-engorged penis? No? A hard-on is for you. That's right. Just for you. It's what defines your entire existence. It's what made you. It's what drove your stupid fucking father to plug your disgusting pig-slut of a mother and produce you. But it's more than that. Because, really, your father's imbecility and your mother's greed are hardly worth dwelling on here. An erection, which is another name for a big fucking hard-on, is what forces men—lesser men—to lower themselves to even consider women. You didn't know that, did you? You see, men and women are very different, and yours is a rather sorry lot.

OK. A quick sex lesson. A quick sex-education class for a pretty little girl whose destiny hardly demands such an education, but whose innocence and puffy, wide eyes tell me she deserves it. But be forewarned, my sweet pupil—your concerned parent or guardian would want me to be sure I told you this—certain graphic details may be offensive to more sensitive and, um, vulnerable individuals.

Let me show you something. Let me show you...this. You wanna kiss it, cunt? Feel my balls? Wanna suck the head? You wanna lick it like a lollipop? How 'bout my piss, cunt...you wanna drink my piss, cunt? You want to get down on your knees and pray to it? Get down on your knees! Get down on your knees and thank your God that this cock will soon be spewing cum all over your child's body. Pray thanks to God for bringing you here.

I like to rub my dick when you cry. I like to put my hand here—just at the base of the shaft and massage up and down like this. Slowly. Slowly. Just like this. I want you to cry now. Cry harder, before I slap your baby-fat flesh off your fucking face. And then I'm going to make you lick this shit that shoots out the end of this monster.

2

See that hole there? See it? Stick your tongue out. Stick it out further, you brain-dead cunt. Little Miss Brain-Damaged. Stick it out and taste the tip of my sweaty dick. I'm going to fuck you so hard and so bad. Oh, dear, my little dear. My little sweetheart—you're going to pray to die. Mmm-

hmm.

Oh, fuck off—I am terribly sorry. I was about to



give you an education. Please do forgive me. You'll see my little digression was understandable under the circumstances. In fact, I think that you'll find it an aid to better understanding the following concepts: Men, you see, tend to give themselves over to their erections, and, often, they think of nothing else but satisfying the urge to cum. Thoughtless, yes, I think we can agree.

Allow me to continue. Women, one of which you'll be quite lucky not to evolve into, thank you, are fairly worthless. Honestly, I can't think of a single thing they're good for in this day and age. I'm in the minority with this line of thinking, unfortunately, and my fellow man has allowed pigs like your mothers and sisters a sad degree of attention, which, of course, they wield as power. Men have surrendered this power because they lack the personal strength to step in front of this—the thing most men view as their sole reason for existing. Their instinctual responsibility, if you will. That's right—this red bastard, which is just the perfect size for your mouth, cunt, and butthole, is the be-all and end-all of most men's lives. Just like your father's.

Pathetic, isn't it?

Now, don't get me wrong. I don't want to sound bitter or deluded—I mean, I'm sure that somewhere, somehow, there is a reason for animals such as yourself, be it biological or otherwise. But just now—you know, today, this year, this generation, I just can't see it. And given that there's no such thing as Santa Claus, you girls really make no sense at all.

You don't believe in Santa, do you?

You see, my dear, trusting student, this is reality. This is what makes sense. Your situation right at this very moment. This is the way it is.

Dog.

You can imagine huge piles of women—rows and rows of dead female bodies all deposited amongst stinking garbage heaps and dirt-filled burial pits—and no one would be the poorer. No one would mind. There's too many of you things. You've never been something to worry about individually.

And, honestly, you're all as stupid as shit.

Though, still, I'm quite looking forward to fucking you up.

Tell me, do all worldly things have one purpose? One reason for being? Just like they tell you in church? Do you go to church, you hypocritical pile of cunt-spew? Did your mother and father bundle you up and parade you down to that fucking hole where everyone pretends to care? How sweet. Truly, how sweet.

But you know there's no real truth there, don't you? What, can you tell me, is the sole

reason for being? Is it God? Power? Money? Is it possible to do unto others as you would have others do unto you? What makes sense to you? What is the sole reason for being, cunt? What is it, cunt? Do you know, cunt? Do you want me to tell you, cunt? Huh, cunt?

It is to serve me.

I am God.

And I bring you reality. This is everything you will ever know. You've reached the absolute. You've arrived at the pinnacle of being and purpose. Lucky girl. I bring you, and you're a most unworthy piece of filth, the most pure of all philosophies. The knowledge that will ultimately set you free. The only existing truth.

You get to have your body cut and bruised by my punches. Have your tiny nipples ripped off by my teeth. Have a yellow holy-water shower and bathe resplendent in the ascendant social allegories contained in a heady stream of hot piss. Yes, imagine your deep sense of pride and honor as you lovingly lick out the inside of my asshole.

Imagine the nobility—the ascetic delight—that lights your face as I bust your cherry during your first and last sexual experience.

Such a lucky girl.

Now, I'd like to see you cry again.

And don't worry, dear, I'm just being facetious. The truth is, I'm certainly not so stupid to think that there's only one reason to our existence. But you knew that, didn't you? It's just that, now as always, I'm not bothered at all by your purpose or, indeed, your sense of self.

It doesn't matter in the slightest.

And, if I may be so bold, your present situation seems to suggest that it can't mean much to anyone else.

Being forever female, you're just too easy to understand. However, I'll admit to musing over your psychology as far as it concerns enjoying my day. That's all the flattery you're allowed, sweetness.

What do you know about... convenience?

...love?

What do you know about compromise?

What do you know about humiliation?

I think your God wants you to suffer. I think your God, and

remember that's me, wants you to stop involving him in your filth.

Your innocence is very exciting, my dear. You cunt. You are just a cunt.

And I think it's very important for you to know that, if you were allowed to grow into a woman—but don't worry, as you won't—but if you were allowed, then along with the sweating and moaning and licking and fondling and groping and sucking and spitting—arm-in-arm with all that passes for, um, sharing—somewhere amongst all that—there is love. And respect. Mustn't forget respect.

Do you believe me? Are you so innocent?

No, of course not. I'm teasing you, aren't I? You know it as well. There is no such thing as love or respect, is there?

If there is none, then what have we? Do you know?

There is pain.

That we know.

For sure.

There can be unbelievable amounts of pain.

Physical pain.

And suffering.

And brutality.

And satisfaction.

Now ask yourself this question: What do



I know, and what have I been through tonight? And tell me—do you think your God has deserted you? Your money? Santa?

You're so young. Your mind is so full of yourself that you barely compare to a bowl of Jell-O. But your innocence is slowly starting to annoy me. Fuck's sake, you, just like your mother and all of her pig kind, are so easily fooled. The fairy tales only work up to a certain point. And it's nice to know that your mother's bubble will burst at about the same time as yours.

Yes, dear. Oh, yes, ma'am, I believe in love. And in forgiveness. And respect.

Think now—of how painful the rest of

your crib turning into images of you, silent in your casket.

Maybe you should beg for mercy.

Remember this—and this'll be the last word on the subject, I promise—the pain felt by others is never as bad as the pain you feel.

Can you, for example, imagine anything as fucking stupid as the efforts designed to save the fucking African hippo or North American lab hamster? Can you imagine? Don't tell me about the chain—the food chain, the ecological chain, or the great karma chain. I don't know any fucking hippos. Fucking morons. Quite honestly, I get a fair charge from vivisection.

Do you have a dog, dear?

A cat?

A fucking parakeet? Favorite squirrel? Fish? Roach? A head louse you've grown particularly fond of?

Well, then—it's all the same to us, isn't it? People who want to save animals are the same people who can't even talk to other people. You see, animals, being stupid and instinctual, are rather safe company for these loathsome ne'er-do-wells who like to worry about the planet. Vegetarians worried about the treatment of fucking cows and pigs—fuck's sake, it's enough to put you off your supper.

I've seen some wonderful footage of animal pain. I like it a lot. It's a damned good source of amusement. But I am always left a bit empty afterwards, I'm afraid. Animals don't provide quite the right kick—it's OK for a while. Good fun watching dogs and cats and pigs and monkeys howl and shriek. But there's just not enough—pardon the pun—meat. When one enjoys the torture of another, one wants to feel the full reality of the situation. You want the

baggage that comes with the person. You'll see what I mean, firsthand, soon enough. You do like to know that the person has some degree of humanity. For example, if they're homosexual or Republican. Generally happy or sad, the way they dress and the reason they picked that particular look for that particular day. You like to feel their conscience. Gives their pain a resonance.

What else are animals good for? Did I ever tell you 'bout the time me and a couple

of friends shot to death a possum with our BB guns? Great fun—we were pretty young, and the fucking thing seemed huge. Fuck knows what the bastard was doing in our neighborhood. It took forever to die, and no one believes me when I say this, but I guarantee you—that beast, who was bleeding from everywhere, cried. I saw tears drop from those eyes. 'Course we were aiming for the eyes but never seemed to hit 'em, I think, until it was already dead. Stupid thing ran into a corner somewhere in an alley and just shook from fear. It didn't fight—just took each shot, one after another, and pushed itself tighter into the corner. Screamed, of course. Good fun, good times—and it all seemed pleasantly natural.

But it's all like looking at photos or TV footage of thousands killed by hurricanes or gas attacks in Iraq. It has little effect. Those people have no personalities. They're just dead meat. Their only reason for existing is to be there on my TV screen while I eat my dinner. There is no feeling there. None at all.

Cancer is a much more personal death. I love shows on cancer. The victims and their families are so pathetic. Honestly—mothers and relatives and friends all gathered around some dumb sap's bed, holding hands and rubbing the soon-to-be-deceased's arms and legs. I like when people cry. I like to watch. And there's a world of difference between watching someone, say, a sister, bawl over her brother as he rots away from the inside, and a fat, hooded female covered in warts and burlap cry over her son who's died of dysentery as part of some ridiculous mass epidemic. Give me a break. They're not people—they're not even entertainment.

Barely a diversion. OK, TV is, but nothing more.

Your predicament is much more special. I certainly don't mean to lump you in with all the rest. My sweet little beatific doll. You are special. Extremely special. Why, after all, you're the most important thing on earth, aren't you? Yes, of course you are. You deserve all this attention. Don't all little girls feel that way? Isn't that unique to your way of thinking? No. I don't think so, either. It's just that you're here now. Waiting for things to be done for you. To you.

Do you want to go home?

Yes?

Do you want to see mommy again? And your father? Are you lucky enough to have a little baby brother? Or sister? Do you want to be safe in bed at home and nestled tightly, securely, in mommy's arms? I know you do. But you can't. You'll never see anyone you like—love—again. You're going to die.



your mommy's life is going to be. How she'll hurt from the moment she notices you're gone 'til the day she dies. How she'll never be able to think of anything else. How nothing else will ever matter. How no other thoughts will be able to push the images of your pain and torture and desperate death out of her mind. You will always be there—like a Catholic's bleeding and crying Christ on a cross—in the forefront of her mind. Everything she does from now on will be controlled by images of you laughing in

And it's going to hurt very much.

Would you like to know how I'm going to hurt you? Where I'm gonna ram that hard-on I showed you? Would you like to see it again? Taste it some more? Huh, slut? You want me to grind it so deep into your very being that you pass fucking out? Completely unconscious—just because your tender, lithe li'l body can't handle the extreme, um, sensations.

I want to see you naked. NOW! I want you to get undressed. I want you to take off your clothes. The way mommy taught you. Pull your top off over your head and shimmy out of those pants.

Do you know what kiddie porn is?

You have such a beautiful body.

Yeah, don't believe it.

Do you know what these are?

Have you ever seen your daddy shave his face? In the morning—have you ever watched him in front of the mirror with cream all over his face? When he looks just like Santa Claus?

These are toys. Fun toys. Here. Sharp, isn't it? Be careful, dear. Hold it in your palm. Give it back now. There's a good girl.

There's a good girl. Not a terribly bright girl—but a good girl.

Mommy told you to be careful with sharp things, didn't she?

Didn't she?

Answer...

What?

Pardon?

Excuse me?

Answer me, now, cunt...

SHUT UP!

Cunt.

Why does mommy want you to be careful?

Why?

Because sharp things can cut us. Right? They hurt us.

If we're not careful.

Never eat sharp things.

Put this in your mouth.

Open up.

Open up. Wide.

This won't hurt. I was only kidding. See? It's just a toy. It's just pretend. It's not really sharp. Now open your mouth and see.

Open your fucking mouth, or I'll smash it open.

Now.

Cunt.

Stick this in.

...

...

...

Shut up.

Quit your crying.

And stop your yelling.

You're giving me a headache.

Shut the fuck up.

You're getting blood all over the fucking place.

Wipe yourself.

Clean yourself up.

Hurts, doesn't it?

Yes, I know, baby. There, there...

just for the sake of letting you know, here's some of the very female fun you're going to be missing. After men cum—and that's what you call it, like when I had that icky stuff shoot out of my penis—after we cum, we really don't want to be bothered with your type. You know, you've served your



Shhhh...

Shut the fuck up before I fucking rip your head off. You stupid little baby. You wanna chew on another razor blade? Then shut up. Stop crying and yelling and drooling and bleeding and...Jesus fuck, you're a fucking mess. Fucking pig. You really should have known better. Shut your trap or I'll hit you again.

I'll cut your lip again.

You want me to yank your teeth out?

I'll slice your lips up all over again if you don't stop crying.

This is not going to end, dear. You're going to be like this for a long time. This isn't going to be any fun—not for you, anyway—so be quiet, starting now. You really are giving me a headache.

You see, this is a real lesson in life for you. A lot of good it's going to do you. But,

purpose and, really, women have absolutely nothing to offer after that. You're a bucket. So, thank you, it was a magnificent cum, and I do appreciate your bleeding and crying, but I'm rather tired of it now.

So do us both a favor, alright? Shut it.

Look—you're getting blood all over your tiny tits and all over your face and in your hair and...look—look what's happening. You're about to get me hard again. I can feel it in my balls. It's that combination of tears and blood. Honestly, a better cocktail I couldn't imagine.

C'mere and let me see those cuts in your mouth. C'mere and let me see those slashes in your cheeks and lips. Does it hurt? Does it hurt when I fucking squeeze it, you little fucking cunt? Huh? You slimy fuck. You cunt. Cry harder, you bitch. Cry for me. Scream louder. You cunt. You baby fucking



cunt. Scream. Keep crying. OK? OK? Huh, cunt? Can't you fucking scream any louder? You like that? Do ya, you fuck? Huh? You bucket. You hole. You filth.

Y'know, it's a good thing you don't have much longer to live, dear—you'd rather not suffer the rest of your life with those scars.

Imagine how hard it would be to get a boyfriend. No one would want you, my dear. Don't believe that shit about personalities—I know way too many lonely fat people. These scars would put you right up there with dwarves in the eligibility department.

C'mere and wipe your mouth off on my cock.

I want my cock soaked with your blood and baby tears.

Tell me what's sweeter—my cum or your blood? What's warmer? Your blood running down your throat, or my cum sliding down it? What feels worse? Do the muscles in my cock make the rips in your mouth ache even worse? Yeah?

What about my piss?

Is my piss the warmest yet?

What's worse, love?

What really makes you cry?

Your face is becoming really ugly. Where did all those bruises come from? My good Lord, who did this to you? Who would hurt you? What kind of maniac would do these sorts of things—these horrible, bestial things—to such a sweet, innocent girl?

I think people like that should be shot. Hell, they're not even people. I mean, children are so...innocent. And trusting. Kids' minds are so fragile. They can't handle abuse the way an adult might be able to. Kids' minds fall apart. I know all this is true because I saw it on TV.

Do you watch *Geraldo*?

Oprah?

20/20? *60 Minutes*? *Frontline*? *Hard Copy*? *A Current Affair*?

Christ—they've all done specials on child

sexual abuse. They're fucking great shows, too. Kinda stupid—but great to watch. I've seen all sorts of weepy mothers on 'em. And they teach you all sorts of things. Healthy, moral sorts of things.

Do you like TV?

Do you?

What's your favorite show?

Really, you're going to have to stop crying now. I'd like to share some quality time with you. Really get to know you, you stupid cunt.

Shut up and tell me your favorite TV program.

What do you like best? Playing outside or watching TV? I'll tell you this—if you say playing outside, I'm gonna crack your skull open on the floor. So, OK, what do you like best? C'mon, concentrate, will you? What's your very most favorite TV show?

Do you like cartoons?

Situation comedies?

Did you see the HBO special on rape?

How about the *Frontline* exposé on serial killers? I miss Bundy. Truly terrible what they did to him. A waste, don't you think?

Did you see any of the weekly features on day-care abuse and neglect?

I'll tell ya, you've been missing some great programming. You've really got to use your brain some more.

But I will bet you're going to miss it. Yes, ma'am, you're going to miss TV. If I gave you a choice, what would you pick: watching wonderful TV or swallowing dirt and bugs for all eternity from inside a pink-and-white baby's coffin? What sounds like more fun?

Can you imagine your mother's wet little mind when she tries to decide whether or not to give you a closed-casket wake? I'm going to ease her pain a bit. I'm going to make sure no amount of makeup will cover what I'm going to do to your fresh baby innocence.

Your bruises will be legendary. Deep red gashes and raised black welts and thick fucking pits where your mouth and teeth used to be.

Closed-casket for sure.

Have you ever seen a baby's coffin? They're incredibly tiny. Embarrassingly tiny. Instant hard-on stuff, I swear.

You'll be dressed by some mortician who probably masturbates over dead bodies. You'll be such a prize for him. Just like the prize you'll be for the detectives assigned to your case. The investigators will covet your murder photos and autopsy reports like the memories of their cherished first days on the job: the first corpse they saw—the one lying in the middle of the street spouting blood like a fountain; the first street where they fondled and busted; the first quivering crack baby they pulled out of the projects. Full-color glossies of your young raped cunt, your cracked and smashed face and skull, your blood-drenched torso.

Your baby body will be flooded with embalming fluid, and your bruises, cuts, and welts—deep and long and fat and thick—will be badly masked and stitched.

I love the idea of your small corpse taking up so very little space in the cold, blue morgue. Your frail, vulnerable body supine on a frigid metal drainage table—and tubes and scalpels and saws poking into you and tearing you apart.

You are going to be missing so much.

I'd like to be there to watch your mom and dad and relatives fall apart. You're going to be just a mound of meat tied up in a pathetic, sweet, feminine dress. The contrast should be astounding. Hacked and masticated flesh, broken bones, and the viscid marks of a putrescible feast, all covered by some silly, frilly, froufrou costume. Darling. Forever.

You better fucking hope I don't get another hard-on, you cunt.

Not just yet. Right?

Doll?

We were talking about television, weren't we? This rape show was wonderful. Did you know that over fifty percent of all rapes are done by people who know the victim? Or that twenty-five percent of rapes are perpetrated on victims older than sixty-five? Or that forty-five percent of all rape victims are under fifteen years old? Or that seventy-five percent of rapists cum in the victim's mouth in the first ten minutes of attack? Forty percent of all rape victims deserved exactly what they got? Sixty percent of all rape victims got off easy?

I don't remember what percentage of rapes are performed by blacks. I know the figure's high. You know what crack and

overcrowding can do to a laboratory rat's brain—I'll have to get back to you on the exact figure.

I know you're going to miss TV.

Or...is your mom one of those cunts who says too much TV is bad for you? Is she? You look pretty well-fed. I'll bet you've got parents who are that pretentious. I'll be doing you a favor. Putting you out of your misery. You have such caring parents—so smart.

You're gonna miss TV.

You're gonna want your MTV.

But you'll be dead.

Did you ever notice how fucking piggish the women in music videos look? Big tits and fat asses. Would you like the chance to grow up into a video slut? Would you like the chance to let those little mosquito bites sprout out about two fucking feet into those monstrously fat, cancer-pumped, secondary sex glands? Can you lip-synch? How far can you spread your legs? Can you pout? Let me see you shake your chest. Let's see you jiggle that flat, bony body.

Does that sound good to you, cunt?

These fucking things right here. These cute little pink things—fucking hell, the fabulous things you can do with these. The difference between mega-stardom and bag-ladydom.

I'm sorry, did that hurt?

Didn't your father ever pinch your tight little nipples?

Stop your crying.

Louder!

I want you to cry a lot louder.

Cunt.

Whore.

Slut.

Fucking prostitute.

You little piece of worthless baby fat.

You're an ugly little girl.

Your mommy hates you.

Your mommy wants me to hurt you.

I'm gonna fuck you up.

You sleaze.

You hairless cunt.

You pig without tits.

You shit stain.

Cunt.

Cunt, fucking cunt.

Filthy fucking cunt, rotten, diseased fucking cunt.

Lie down.

All the way.

Put your back on the floor.

All the fucking way, put your head back.

Do it now, before I rip your tiny head off.

Move.

Cry louder.

You baby, you little, helpless baby.

Cry, or I'll hit you harder.

You like that?

Harder?

You want it harder?

Keep crying, cunt.

How hard do you want it?

How much more do you want to bleed?

I'm saving you, bitch. I'm doing you and the whole world a favor. I would let you grow up into the cunt you were, for whatever reason, destined to be. But see, this is reality—your reality, your destiny. I'll do what I want for now. And I think I'm here for better things. Better things than watching your stretch marks peel. Watching your vagina widen and your ass expand. Your hips spread and your veins pop. I've seen the videos, dear. Childbirth and rock music don't mix. Females shouldn't dabble in either—but the combination is dreadful.

Let's leave birthing to the sheep.

Let's just leave cunnilingus to the sheep.

Let's leave tits and ass to the sheep.

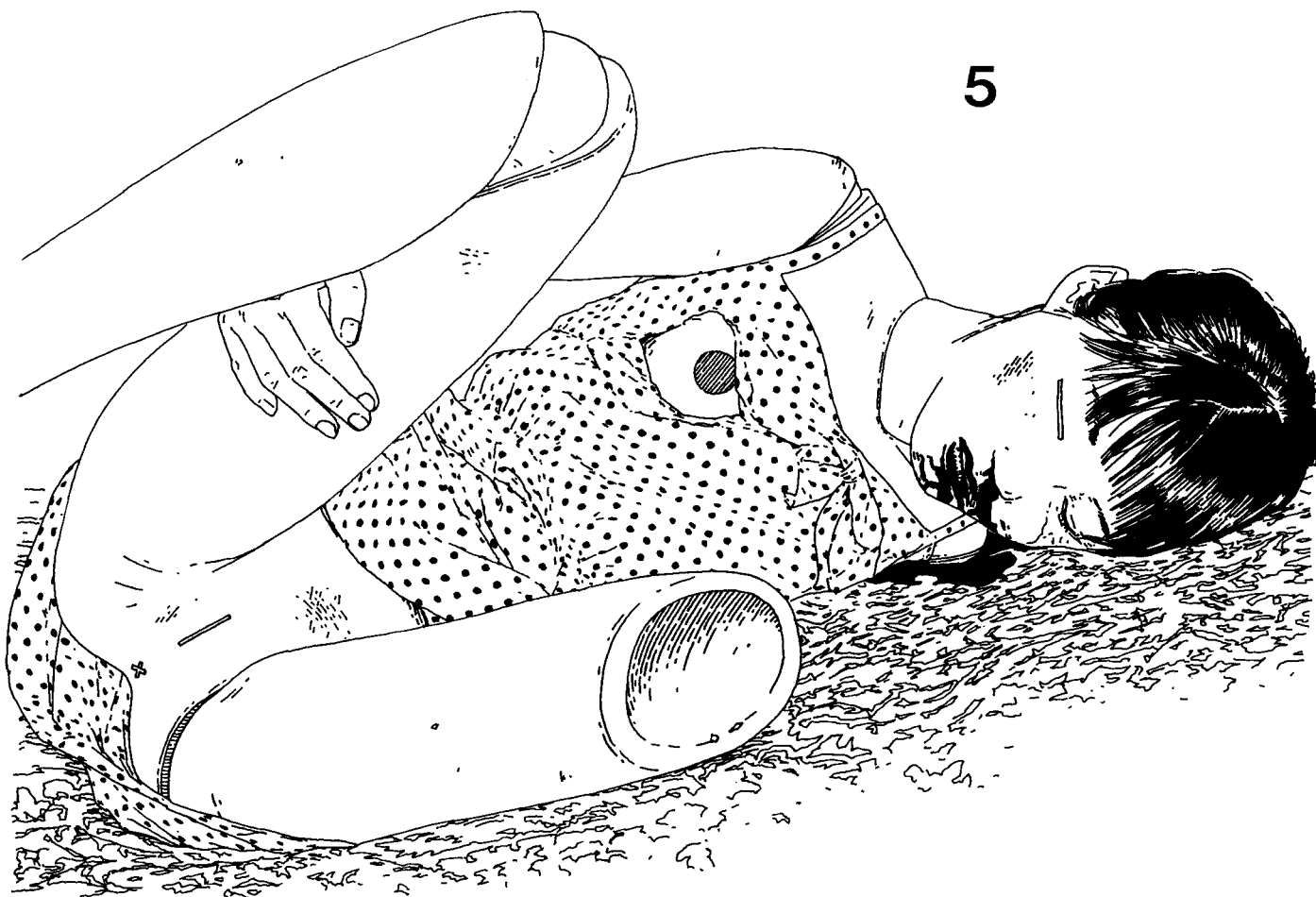
Let's leave blue, blood-soaked, pickled and wrinkled babies that slide out of squatting Puerto Rican pig mothers in dilapidated birthing barns to the sheep.

Do you know what Down's syndrome is?

Do you have any retards as neighbors, classmates, relatives?

Anyone your momma calls "slow?"

5





They are hideous.

I've seen two highly exciting porno films that featured these sorts of mistakes. The first was of this Frankensteinian retard girl who was being taught how to fuck horses. Unbelievable. Another girl had to show the slow creature how to do absolutely everything. How to hold the horse dick, how to lick and suck it, and how to try to fit it in her monster cunt. It looked like the retardo didn't even know she had a vagina. The horse wasn't very big, unfortunately, but its cock was still rather formidable. The most hilarious part of the film didn't even involve the stupid animal—the horse, that is. The normal girl, which I realize is a relative term here, tried to instruct the dim one in the truly repulsive act of cunt-licking. And the dullard just couldn't figure it out. She didn't have a clue! She just opened her mouth and let her fat tongue hang out while the other girl kind of shook the retard's head up and down in the general direction of her clit. You should have seen it.

The other retard film I saw—um, these were 8mm films, not videos—the other one was kiddie porn. This very young beastie just cried and cried and cried throughout the entire film. This withered, skinny old European man really put her through the paces, though. The retard didn't want to be there at all, but that didn't bother him—he fucked her, ate her, made her lick his balls and suck his cock. And the docile dog did it all while tears poured from her sunken eyes. The European was fairly ancient-looking—typically thin and pale and with a huge, long, uncircumcised cock which was, oddly enough, perpetually soft. The girl was about as tall as his navel, meaning his flaccid meat was almost constantly in her face during the instruction sessions. He just let it dangle in her face, and then sloshed it in and out of her gaping mouth. Did I mention that the barely human thing was so severely damaged that she even had a hunchback? She had that troll-like body that those sort of fuck-ups get. Fat, puffy, and soft. All in about a twelve-year-old frame—though her mental age was, I'm sure, quite considerably less.

I highly recommend all retard sex films and videos.

I wish I could film this. It would be a marvelous souvenir. One of the all-time great jerk-off videos. Too dangerous, though. Too much hassle. And don't you think it would cheapen the moment?

But I could turn you into such a star. You wouldn't dare miss your mark with me. Are you good with directions? Will you do a nude scene? It is essential to the character development, I assure you.

Let me explain your character to you. You look like you could use a little motivation. Is there a problem here? The main thing I need

you to think about—I need you to focus on—pain. Lots of fucking intense pain. Keep that plastered to the forefront of your small mind at all times.

I'll hurt you, so it shouldn't be all that difficult, OK?

See that deviant slash cut between your skinny thighs—that hole from hell? I'm going to spread it open and force all sorts of things up into you. And everything that grinds into you won't fit exactly. But we'll get it in. You're going to bleed a bathtubful. Everywhere. I'm going to puncture the walls of your bowels with everything from my cock to chair legs. You'll shit blood all down your legs and over your ankles and across your feet. And you get to lick the blood off everything.

You're going to suck and lap and taste and swallow all your blood. I'm going to massage it all over your body. And my body. Over my balls—my sac, my hairy, smelly balls, and the stem of my dick. In my pubic hair and the head of my cock. And you'll hate it—you'll need to vomit. And you'll choke and sputter and suffocate and come just this close to blacking out. This close to dying. Your eyes will turn white from the inside, and you suddenly won't be able to cry anymore. Your throat will clamp tight. Your skull will pound. And I'll be cumming in your dry mouth and I won't let you die. I'll wrest my dick out of your face and run my sweat, my sperm, and your blood all over your entire existence. My piss will taste exactly like you.

Your pain will make me want to keep you alive. I'll want to watch you die forever.

Please stop crying.

I'm sorry.

Go on, beg me not to hurt you.

Beg me to stop.

Beg me not to pull your face apart.

I think there may be a chance for you if you ask me nicely. Just like mommy taught you. What do you say? What do you say to the nice man? C'mon. Don't you say, "Thank you?" Do you say, "Please?" Say: "Please don't fucking torture and destroy me." Say: "I'm only ten." Say: "I have my whole life in front of me." Tell me how you want a chance to grow up into a successful and worthwhile addition to the community and society at-large.

Tell me how you want to see your mommy again.

Tell me what your bedroom's like. Do you feel safe there?

If you beg me—if you ask nicely—I'll let you go home.

I will, I promise.

Look, I feel bad suddenly. Honestly.

You believe me, don't you?

Don't you?

Look—stop crying.

I want you to ask me not to hurt you. I want you to ask me not to make you permanently null and void. But I want you to look at me—look me in the eyes, smile demurely, and ask politely. Just like mommy and daddy taught you. Ask me not to hurt you any longer. Tell me it hurts. Tell me I shouldn't hurt a little girl like you.

And if you do, if you can do that for me, if you can do that simple thing, I'll let you go. Then I won't hurt you anymore.

Now. Do you think you can do that, honey?

Slow down and try.

C'mon, dear. Take a deep breath.

Stop those sad little tears.

I won't slap your face anymore.

Just ask.

I promise I won't hurt you—anymore.

I won't punch your fucking face anymore.

I won't twist your arm.

I won't pull your titties anymore. I won't rip those fucking pimples you call nipples right off your chest.

I won't punch your face, my dear.

I won't bang your head.

I won't kick you anymore.

I won't slam my fucking hand into your cutesy baby face anymore.



I will not fuck your ass.

I won't cum in your blood-drenched asshole.

I will not spread your ass cheeks far, far apart and jam my cock in and out of that horribly tight little hole you use for shitting darling baby-girl turds until your whole body bursts.

I won't pull at your hairless cunt anymore.

I won't ram my finger up inside you.

I won't force my fingers up inside you. And I won't yank your whole fucking soul out from inside you.

I won't fuck you.

I will not fuck you for the very first time.

I will not break your cherry.

I will not bruise your lips.

I won't make you eat any more mean toys.

I will not smash your cunt up into your stomach.

I will not fucking destroy that disgusting sick hole down there.

I will not cum in your cunt.

Or on your cunt, as you watch and cry and howl.

I will not stick my dick into your tiny mouth.

I will not make you lick my balls or suck out my asshole.

I won't piss, shit, or cum on your face.

I will not kill you.

I will not tear you apart.

I will not destroy every inch of your soon-to-blossom female self.

I will not take you from your mommy and daddy and dog.

You can go home.

Won't that be better?

But you have to really want it. You have to beg me. You have to convince me. Make me want to let you go home.

I promise I'll let you go. I'll take you right up the stairs to your home and tell your mom and dad that I'm sorry and that I promise never, ever to see you again.

And I don't even care if I get in trouble.

But you have to help me. You have to make me believe that you want all that.

Do you want to go home?

Do you want to see mommy?

I want every bone in your body. I want every muscle—every living cell—to shake and plead with me to let you live.

C'mon, try, honey.

Cry louder, goddamnit.

Stop crying.

Go ahead, cry.

Stop it.

Cry, you cunt.

Stop.

Cry.

Stop.

Cry.

Cry. Cry. Cry. Cry, you dead little fuck.

Stop it.

Please, honey, stop crying.

Cry, cunt.

Cunt.

Yes?

No?

Yes?

Maybe? What? Yes?

What did you say? Did you say something? Did you say yes?

Go ahead—cry.

Stop crying.

Grow up.

What's your name?

What's your momma's name?

What kind of dog do you have?
 Ever seen its dick?
 Did you ever play with your dog's fuzzy red dick?
 What about your dad?
 Have you ever seen your dad's dick?
 Huh?
 Have you ever had your dad's meat in your mouth? Has he ever shoved it your way when you expected him to tuck you in bed?
 Mommy's stretched-out cunt?
 Ever seen her episiotomy scar?
 Does her cunt look all fucking chewed-up?
 Do her tits sag? Fucking beast.
 Want to see Europe?
 Do you want to live another five minutes?
 Cry louder.
 Scream.
 Make your face redder.
 Make your body shake again.
 Scream, you helpless bastard.
 Scream louder.
 Stop.
 Now stop it.
 Stop it, or I'll kill you.
 I'm sorry. I'll let you go.
 You can go home now.
 Really. Get dressed and go home.
 This is far too much fun.
 Keep crying.
 Don't be so silly.
 You're going to die.
 I'm sorry.
 You cunt. I said I'm sorry.
 You filth.
 You female.
 You dog.
 Bark for me.
 Dry your face and go home.
 Let's go see mommy.
 Wanna see mommy?
 Wanna go bye-bye in the car?
 Nope. I want to ram this chair leg in your ass first.

I want to send you home to mommy, bleeding from the asshole.

Stick this in your mouth.

Stick this in your fucking mouth.

Open up your fucking mouth and stick out your tongue and lick this fucking thing before I reach in there and pull your tonsils out and make you eat them out of my fist. Imagine the marvelous blow job you can give me when you don't have any teeth in that cute red mouth of yours.

Jesus fucking Christ, I like to watch you cry and choke.

I hope that doesn't offend you. I mean, it's nothing...now, don't get the idea that this isn't personal. This is about as personal as you can get. But just think—this stuff—all this stuff that's happening to you. It could've

happened to anyone. It's just that I ended up with you. For no other reason than you were available at the right time. Nothing anyone could've done would've helped you. No books on how to say no. No videos about bad touching or how to stay safe. No Michael Landon specials or TV documentaries with helpful phone numbers or neighborhood support groups. You were born for this.

It's more than bad luck.

You lived your few years under mom and dad's caring, watchful gaze all in preparation for this day.

It all comes down to this.

And all the fun you had. All the warmth that closeted you. And all the love and care you fell for. It all adds up to a small, inchoate personality that'll fit just perfectly over the tip of my dick.

And your parents. Your parents are going to miss you for the rest of their ridiculous lives. They're going to hurt and be miserable human wastes from this day forward. They are going to grow to hate the very thought of you. Starting soon enough. Your pain will be their pain until they die. They're just that stupid.

It's all worked out really well, don't you think? ■

